

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Corper.



"WHAT IF I TELL YOU A SECRET?" SAID LAWYER GWINN.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XII.—AN AVOWAL.

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT was in all the glory of the lock-out. The men, having nothing to do, improved their time by enjoying themselves; they stood about the street or lounged at their doors, smoking short pipes and quaffing draughts of beer. Let money run ever so short, you will generally see that the beer and the pipes can be found. As yet, the evils of being out of work were not felt; for weekly pay, sufficient for support, was supplied them by the Union Committee. The men were in

high spirits—in that sort of mood implied by the words "Never say die," which was often in their mouths. They expressed themselves determined to hold out: and this determination was continually fostered by the agents of the Union, of whom Sam Shuck was a chief. Many of the more temperate, who had not particularly urged the strike, were warm supporters now of the general opinion, for they regarded the lock-out as an unwarrantable piece of tyranny on the part of the masters. As to the ladies, they were over-warm partisans, generally speaking; they made the excitement, the unsettled state of Daffodil's Delight, an excuse for their own idleness, (they are only

too ready to do so,) and collected in groups round the men, or squatted themselves on door-steps, proclaiming their opinion of existing things, and boasting that they'd hold out for their rights till death.

Sated in a chair at the bottom of her garden, just within the gate, was Mary Baxendale. Not that she was there to join in the gossip of the women, or had any intention of joining in it: she was simply sitting there for air.

Mary Baxendale was fading. Never very strong, she had, for the last year or two, been gradually declining, and, with the excessive heat of the past summer, her remaining strength appeared to have gone out. Her occupation, that of a seamstress, had not tended to keep her in health; she had a great deal of work offered her, her skill being superior, and she had sat at it early and late. Mary was thoughtful and conscientious, and she was anxious to contribute a full share to the home support. Her father had married again, had now two young children, and it almost appeared to Mary as if she were an interloper in the paternal home. Not that the new Mrs. Baxendale made her feel this: she was a bustling, hearty woman, fond of show and spending, and of setting off her babies; but she was kind to Mary.

The capability of exertion appeared to be past, and Mary's days were chiefly spent in a quiescent state of rest, frequently sitting out of doors. This day—it was now the beginning of September—was an unusually bright one, and she drew her invalid shawl round her, and leaned back in her seat, looking out on the lively scene, at the men and women congregating in the road, and inhaling the fresh air, at least as fresh as it could be got in Daffodil's Delight.

"How do you feel to-day, Mary?"

The questioner was Mrs. Quale. She had come out of her house in her bonnet and shawl, bent on some errand, and stopped to accost Mary.

"I am pretty well to-day; that is, I should be, if it were not for the weakness."

"Weakness, ay!" cried Mrs. Quale, in a snapping sort of tone. "And what have you had this morning to fortify you against the weakness?"

A faint blush rose to Mary's thin face. The subject was a sore one to the mind of Mrs. Quale, and that lady was not one to spare such with her tongue. The fact was, that at the present moment, and for some little time past, Mary's condition and appetite had required unusual nourishment; but, since the lock-out, this had not been procurable by John Baxendale. Sufficient food the household had as yet, but it was of a plain coarse sort, not suitable for Mary; and Mrs. Quale, bitter enough against the existing condition of things before, touching the men and their masters, was not by this rendered less so. Poor Mary, in her patient meekness, would have subsided into her grave with famine, rather than complain of what she saw no help for.

"Did you have an egg at eleven o'clock?"

"Not this morning. I did not feel greatly to care for it."

"Rubbish!" responded Mrs. Quale. "I may say I don't care for the moon, because I know I can't get it."

"But I really did not feel to have any appetite just then," repeated Mary.

"And if you had a appetite, I suppose you couldn't have been any the nearer satisfying it! You let your stomach get empty, and, after a bit, the craving goes off and sickness comes on, and then you say you have no appetite. But there! 'taint your fault; where's the use of my—"

"Why, Mary, girl, what's the matter?"

The interruption to Mrs. Quale proceeded from Dr. Bevary. He was passing the gate with Miss Hunter. They stopped at sight of Mary. Mrs. Quale took up the discourse.

"She don't look over flourishing, do she, sir?—do she, Miss Florence? She have been as bad as this—oh, for a fortnight, now."

"Why did you not send my uncle word, Mary?" spoke Florence, impulsive in the cause of good as she had been when a child. "I am sure he would have come to see you."

"You are very kind, miss, and Dr. Bevary, also," said Mary. "I could not think of troubling him with my poor ailments, especially as I feel it would be useless. I don't think anybody can do me good on this side the grave, sir."

"Tush, tush!" interposed Dr. Bevary. "That's what many sick people say; but they get well in spite of it. Let us see you a bit closer," and he went inside the gate.

"I am just sinking, sir, as it seems to me; sinking out of life, without much ailment to tell of. I have a great deal of fever at night, and a dry cough. It is not so much consumption as—"

"Who told you it was consumption?" interrupted Dr. Bevary.

"The women about here call it so, sir. My step-mother does: but I should say it was more of a waste."

"Your step-mother is fond of talking of what she can know nothing," remarked Dr. Bevary. "Neither can the women. Have you much appetite?"

"Yes, and that's the evil of it," struck in Mrs. Quale, determined to lose no opportunity of propounding her view of the case. "A pretty time this is for folks to have appetites, when there's not a copper being earned. I wish all strikes and lock-outs was put down by law, I do. Nothing comes of 'em but empty cubbarts."

"Your cupboard need not be any the emptier for a lock-out," said Dr. Bevary, who sometimes, when conversing with the women of Daffodil's Delight, would fall familiarly into their mode of speech.

"No, I know that; we have been providenter than that, sir," returned Mrs. Quale. "A pity but what others could say the same. You might take a walk through Daffodil's Delight, sir, from one end of it to the other, and not find half a dozen cubbarts with plenty in 'em just now. Serve 'em right! they should put by for a rainy day."

"Ah!" returned Dr. Bevary, "rainy days come to most of us as we go through life, in one shape or other. It is well to provide for them."

"And it's well to keep out of 'em where it's practicable," wrathfully remarked Mrs. Quale. "There no more need have been this disturbance between masters and men, than there need be one between you and me, sir, this moment, afore you walk away. They be just idiots, are the men; and the women be worse, and I am tired of telling 'em so. Look at 'em," added Mrs. Quale, directing the Doctor's attention to the female ornaments of Daffodil's Delight. "Look at their gowns in jags, and their dirty caps! they make the men's being out of work an excuse for their idleness, and they just stick themselves out there all day, a crowing and a gossiping."

"Crowning!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Crowning; every female one of 'em, like a cock upon its dunghill," responded Mrs. Quale. "There isn't one as can see an inch beyond her own nose. If the lock-out lasts, and starvation comes, let 'em see how they'll crow then—it'll be on the t'other side their mouths, I fancy!"

"Money is dealt out to them by the Trades' Union, sufficient to live," observed Dr. Bevary.

"Sufficient not to starve," returned Mrs. Quale. "What is it, sir, to them as have enjoyed their thirty-five shillings a-week, and could hardly make that do, some of 'em? Look at the Baxendales. There's Mary, wanting more than she does in health; ay, and craving for it. A good bit of meat once or twice in the day, an egg now and then, a cup of cocoa and milk, or good tea—not your wishy-washy stuff, bought in by the ounce—how is she to get it all? The allowance dealt out to John Baxendale keeps 'em in bread and cheese; I don't think it does in much else."

They were interrupted by John Baxendale himself. He came out of his house, touching his hat to the Doctor and to Florence. The latter had been leaning over Mary, inquiring softly into her ailments, and the complaint of Mrs. Quale, touching the short-comings of Mary's comforts, had not reached her ears.

"I am sorry, sir, you should see her so poorly," said Baxendale, alluding to his daughter. "She'll get better, I hope."

"I must try what a little of my skill will do towards it," replied the Doctor. "If she had sent me word she was ill, I would have come before."

"Thank ye, sir. I don't know as I should have been backward in asking you to come round and take a look at her; but a man don't like to ask favours when he has got no money in his pocket; it makes him feel little, and look little. Things are not in a satisfactory state with us all just now."

"They are not indeed."

"I never thought the masters would go to the extreme of a lock-out," resumed Baxendale. "It was a harsh measure."

"On the face of it it does seem so," responded Dr. Bevary. "But, what else could they have done? Have kept open their shops, that those out of work might have been supported from the wages they paid their men, and probably have found those men also striking at last? If you and others had wanted to escape a lock-out, Baxendale, you should have been cautious not to lend yourselves to the agitation that was smouldering."

"Sir, I know there's a good deal to be said on both sides," was the reply. "I never was for the agitation, or the strike; I set my face nearly dead against it. The worst is, we all have to suffer for it alike."

"Ay, that is the worst of things in this world," responded the Doctor. "When people do wrong, the consequences are rarely confined to themselves, but are spread over the innocent. Come, Florence. I will see you again later, Mary."

Mrs. Quale had already departed on her errand. John Baxendale turned to his daughter. "He was always a kind man, Mary. I hope he'll be able to do you good."

"I don't feel that he will, father," was the low answer. But Baxendale did not hear it; he was going out at the gate to join a knot of neighbours, who were gathered together at a distance.

"Will Mary Baxendale soon get well, do you think, uncle?" demanded Florence.

"No, my dear, I do not think she will."

There was something in the Doctor's tone that startled Florence. "Uncle Bevary! you do not fear she will die?"

"I do fear it, Florence; and that she will not be long first."

"Oh!" Then, after she had gone a few paces further, Florence withdrew her arm from his. "I must go back and stay with her a little while. I had no idea of this."

"Mind you don't repeat it to her in your chatter," called out the Doctor; and Florence shook her head by way of answer.

"I am in no hurry to go home, Mary; I thought I would return and stay a little longer with you," was her greeting. "You must feel it dull, sitting here alone."

"Dull! oh no, Miss Florence. I like sitting by myself and thinking."

Florence smiled. "What do you think about?"

"Oh, miss, I quite lose myself in thinking. I think of my Saviour, and I think of the blessed life after this life—a place of rest, of love, of peace. I can hardly believe that I shall soon be there."

Florence paused. "You do not seem to fear death, Mary. You speak rather as if you wished it."

"I do not fear it, Miss Florence. The sting of death is sin, and I believe that my sins are forgiven for Christ's sake. Besides, only think how much sorrow and trouble there is in this world."

"It is very strange," murmured Florence. "Mamma, too, believes she is near death, and she expresses no reluctance, no fear; I do not think she feels any."

"Miss Florence, it is only another proof of God's mercies: mother used to say so. Those whom the Saviour loves he gradually weans from this world, causing them to see death as it really is—a blessing, instead of a terror, if their hearts are right; so that, when the time comes, they are glad to die. There's a gentleman waiting to speak to you, miss."

Florence lifted her head hastily, and encountered the smile and the outstretched hand of Austin Clay. But that Mary Baxendale was unsuspicious, she might have gathered something from the vivid blush that overspread her cheeks.

"I thought it was you, Florence. I caught sight of a young lady from my sitting-room window; but you kept your head down before Mary."

"I am sorry to see Mary looking so ill. My uncle was here just now, but he has gone. I suppose you were deep in your books?" she said with a smile, her face regaining its less radiant hue. "This lock-out must be a fine time for you."

"So fine, that I wish it were over," he answered. "I am sick of it already, Florence. A fortnight's idleness will tire out a man worse than a month's work."

"Is there any more chance of its coming to an end, sir?" anxiously inquired Mary Baxendale.

"I do not see it," gravely replied Austin. "The men appear to be too blind to come to any reasonable terms."

"Oh, sir, don't cast more blame to them than you can help!" she rejoined in a tone of intense pain. "They are led away by the Trades' Unions; they are indeed. If once they enrol under them, they must only obey."

"Well, Mary, it comes to what I say—that they are blinded. They should have better sense than to be led away."

"You speak as a master, sir."

"Probably I do; but I have brought my common sense to bear upon the question, both on the side of the masters and of the men; and I believe that this time the men are wrong. If they had laboured under any real grievance, it would have been different; but they did not. Their wages were good, work was plentiful—"

At this moment Mrs. Baxendale threw up the first-floor window, and called out,

"I say, Mary, I wish you'd just come in and sit by the little ones a bit, while I go down to the back kitchen and rinse out the clothes."

Mary rose, taking up her pillow in her hand, wished good day to Florence, and went in-doors. Austin held open the gate for Florence to pass out. She stood a moment speaking to him after he had closed it, when

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some one came up, and laid his hand upon Austin's arm. It was Lawyer Gwinn, of Ketterford. He had turned into Daffodil's Delight, and walked straight up to Austin at a quick pace, apparently in some anger or excitement.

"Young Clay, where is your master to-day?"

Neither the salutation nor the manner of the man pleased Austin; his appearance, there and then, especially displeased him. His answer was spoken in haughty coldness—not in policy—and in a cooler moment Austin would have remembered that.

A strangely bitter smile of conscious power parted the man's lips. "So you take part with him, do you, sir! It may be better, both for you and him, that you bring me face to face with him. They have denied me to him at his house; their master is out of town, they say; but I know it to be a lie: I know that the message was sent out to me by Hunter himself. I had a great mind to force—"

Florence, who was looking deadly white, interrupted, her voice haughty as Austin's had been.

"You labour under a mistake, sir. Papa is out of town. He went this morning."

Mr. Gwinn wheeled round to her: neither her tone nor Austin's was calculated to abate his anger.

"You are his daughter, then!" he uttered, with the same insolent stare, the same displayed irony he had once used to her mother. "The young lady whom people envy as Miss Hunter! What if I tell you a secret?—that you——"

"Be still!" shouted Austin. "Are you a man, or a demon? Miss Hunter, allow me," he cried, grasping the hand of Florence, and drawing her peremptorily towards Peter Quale's door, which he threw open. "Go upstairs, Florence, to my room: wait there until I come to you. I must be alone with this man."

Florence looked at him in amazement, as he pushed her into the passage. He was evidently in the deepest agitation: every vestige of colour had forsaken his face, and his manner was authoritative as any father's could have been. She bowed to its power unconsciously, not a thought of resistance crossing her mind, and went straight upstairs to his sitting-room—although it was not precisely correct for a young lady so to do. Not a soul, save herself, appeared to be in the house.

A short colloquy and an angry one, and then Mr. Gwinn was returning the way he came, and Austin was springing up the stairs, three at a time.

"Will you forgive me, Florence? I could not do otherwise."

What with the suddenness of the proceedings, their strangeness, and her own doubts and emotion, Florence burst into tears. Austin—lost his head. In the agitation of the moment he suffered his long-controlled feelings to get the better of him, and spoke words that he had long successfully repressed within him.

"My darling!" he whispered, taking her hand, "I wish I could have shielded you from it! Florence, you know—you must long have known—that my dearest object in life is you—your happiness, your welfare. I had not intended to say this so soon; it has been forced from me: you must pardon me for saying it here and now."

She gently disengaged herself; and he allowed it. Her wet eyelashes fell on her blushing cheeks like a damask rose glistening with the morning dew. "But this mystery?—it does seem one," she exclaimed. "Is not that man Gwinn, of Ketterford?"

"Yes."

"Brother to the lady who seemed to cause so much emotion to papa. Ah! I was but a child at the time, but I noticed it. Austin, I think there must be some

dreadful secret. What is it? He comes to our house at periods and is closeted with papa, and papa is more miserable than ever after it."

"Whether there is, or is not, it is not for us to inquire into it. I hastened you in," he quickly went on, not caring to be more explanatory, and compelled to speak with reserve. "I know the man of old, and his language is sometimes coarse, not fitted for a young lady's ears: so I sent you in. Florence," he whispered, his tone changing to one of the deepest tenderness, "I shall win you if I can. I have your leave?"

She made no answer: only ran away down the stairs. Austin laughed as he followed her. Mrs. Quale was coming in then, and met them at the door.

"See what it is to go gadding out!" cried Austin to her. "When young ladies pay you the honour of a morning visit, they might find an empty house, but for my stay-at-home propensities."

Mrs. Quale turned her eyes from one to the other of them, in doubt how much was joke.

"The truth is," said Austin, vouchsafing an explanation, "there was a rude man in the road, talking nonsense, so I sent Miss Hunter in doors, and stopped to deal with him."

"I'm sure I am sorry, Miss Florence," cried unsuspecting Mrs. Quale. "But we often have rude men in this quarter: they get hold of a drop too much, and when the wine's in, the wit's out, you know, miss."

Austin piloted her home, through Daffodil's Delight, walking by her side: possibly lest any more "rude men" should molest her.

In the dusk of that evening he was sitting alone with Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had not returned: for, that he had gone out of town for the day, was perfect truth. Florence had escaped as Austin came in.

"It has been my hope for years," he was earnestly saying, as he held Mrs. Hunter's hands, in giving the explanation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter, do you think he will give her to me?"

"But, Austin——"

"Not yet; I do not ask for her yet; not until I have made a fitting home for her," he impulsively continued, anticipating what may have been the possible objection of Mrs. Hunter. "With the two thousand pounds left to me by Mrs. Thornimett, and a little more added to it, which I have myself saved, I believe I shall be able to make my way."

"Austin, you will make your way," she replied, in a tone of the utmost confidence and kindness. "I have heard Mr. Hunter himself anticipate a successful career for you. Even when you were, comparatively speaking, penniless, Mr. Hunter would say that talent and energy, such as yours, could not fail to find its proper outlet. Now that you have inherited the money, your success is certain. But—I fear you cannot win Florence."

The words fell on his heart like an icebolt. He had reckoned upon Mrs. Hunter's countenance, though he had not been sure of her husband's. "What do you object to in me?" he inquired in a tone of pain.

"Austin, I do not object. I have long seen that your coming here so much—and it was Mr. Hunter's pleasure to have you—was likely to lead to an attachment between you and Florence. Had I objected to you, I should have pointed out to Mr. Hunter the impolicy of your coming. I like *you*: there is no one in the world to whom I would so readily intrust the happiness of Florence. Other mothers might look to a higher alliance for her: but, Austin, when we get near the grave we judge with a judgment not of this world. Worldly distinctions lose their charm."

"Then where is the doubt?" he asked.

"I once—it is not long ago—hinted at this to Mr. Hunter," she replied. "He would not hear me out; he would not suffer me to conclude. It was an utter impossibility that you could ever marry Florence," he said: "neither was it likely that either of you would wish it."

"But we do wish it; the love has already arisen," he exclaimed, in agitation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter——"

"Hush, Austin! calm yourself. Mr. Hunter must have some private objection: and I never inquire into his motives. You must try and forget her."

A commotion was heard in the hall. Austin went out to ascertain its cause. There stood Gwinn, of Kett erf ord, insisting upon seeing Mr. Hunter.

THE EXHIBITION LAND.

BY JOHN ROLLINGSHEAD.

WHEN the financial accounts of the Exhibition of 1851 were finally closed, a surplus existed of nearly £187,000. The first steps which the Royal Commissioners took, on ascertaining the existence of this surplus, was to apply to her Majesty for a supplemental charter, empowering them to dispose of the money in accordance with the expectations held out to the subscribers at the time their aid was solicited. These subscribers, to promote the Exhibition, had made up a subscription list of nearly £68,000, consisting of various sums collected from all parts of the country, and this amount formed part of the surplus.

The charter which the Commissioners obtained, dated the 2nd of December, 1851, empowered them to invest the money in any way they might think fit, to receive contributions to swell the surplus, and to purchase and hold lands in any part of her Majesty's dominions.

After much deliberation, during which the Commissioners seem to have satisfied themselves that many scattered educational institutions ought to be brought together, and that, above all, a home ought to be provided for the "Trade Museum"—a collection of articles valued at £9000, liberally presented to them by many exhibitors in 1851—they decided upon purchasing from fifteen to twenty acres of land at South Kensington, which had been pointed out in a parliamentary report as an eligible site for a new National Picture Gallery.

The first estate bought was known as the "Gore House Estate," a spot celebrated as the residence of Mr. Wilberforce, and afterwards of Lady Blessington. It contained about twenty-one acres and a half, was situated at Kensington Gore, nearly opposite the site of the old Exhibition building, and possessed a frontage of between 500 and 600 feet. The cost of this estate was £60,000. Having purchased this ground, the Commissioners were anxious to add more to it, and they therefore resolved to lay out £150,000 of the surplus in this way—including what they had already invested—upon the condition that Government would recommend Parliament to join in the purchase to an equal amount. The object of this proposed partnership was to secure a large block of cheap land in London, before the spread of building placed it out of their reach, to which some of the overcrowded national exhibitions might be removed, if necessary, and on which an educational institution might be erected for the improvement of designing art in connection with manufactures. The government having pledged themselves to this scheme, the Commissioners bought another estate of forty-eight acres from the trustees of the Baron de Villars, for £153,500.

The promised parliamentary vote of £150,000 towards the South Kensington land purchases of the Royal Commissioners, was obtained in the session of 1852-53, and the formal partnership between the Government and the Commissioners then commenced. This union compelled the Commissioners to increase their numbers, and the following state officers, the Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the First Commissioner of Works, were added to the Commission.

With a capital of £352,500 (£165,000 of which were contributed by the Commissioners out of the surplus, while the remainder was supplied by Parliament in two distinct sums) the South Kensington Estate, as it is called, was gradually secured. Seventeen acres more land were purchased of the Earl of Harrington, making, with the former purchases, about eighty-six acres—a plot larger by several acres than St. James's Park; and various small changes were effected with adjoining proprietors, to render the estate more compact. The cost of the eighty-six acres was £280,000, or an average of £3250 an acre.

As an instance of the cost of making improvements in the metropolis, and to show the comparative cheapness of the land purchased by the Commissioners, it may be well to mention the outlay on some of the more important improvements undertaken of late years. The line of street from Oxford Street to Holborn contained 220,151 square feet, and its total cost was £290,000, or an average of more than £57,000 an acre. The new thoroughfare from Bow Street to Charlotte Street contained 61,653 square feet, and its total cost was £96,000, or an average of nearly £68,000 an acre. Again, the new line from Coventry Street to Long Acre, which contains 65,410 square feet, cost £180,000, or an average of nearly £120,000 an acre.

Much of the South Kensington land, when the Commissioners bought it, was laid out as market-gardens, and the neighbourhood had been famous for nurseries for more than two centuries. The bold speculation was at first looked upon with great distrust, and the obvious joke about sinking money in a cabbage-garden was freely indulged in at the expense of the Commissioners. The sum they were dealing with had many claimants, with a supposed title, even after setting aside the Government contribution, and the pure Exhibition, or "shilling surplus," which no one could own. There were the subscribers of the £68,000, before alluded to; and, although each contribution was sent in on the clear understanding that it was to be "absolute and definite," many local bodies considered that this part of the surplus ought to have been returned for the direct benefit of local institutions. The suggestions sent in to the Commissioners from all sides, for the disposal of the whole surplus, were very numerous. One correspondent proposed that the Great Exhibition building should be bought and turned into a winter residence for invalids; another proposed that the fund should go to alleviate Irish and Highland destitution; and another, that the building should be purchased for a great public reading-room. The Commissioners duly registered all the propositions, but followed none of them, and by these means turned disappointed friends into active enemies.

The joke about the "cabbage-garden" would have been very severe, if half London had not once been a cabbage-garden or a brick-field. Those who made it were ignorant of the laws which govern metropolitan progress; and the Commissioners were soon able to show that their investment was commercially wise. They ob-

tained an Act of Parliament for stopping up certain lanes and by-ways which cut through their property, and they formed nearly two miles of new roadway, from eighty to one hundred feet broad, the chief lines of which went round the best part of their estate. These roads were the Cromwell Road, the Exhibition Road, and the Prince Albert Road, forming, with the main Kensington Road, four sides of a square.

When the Government, in 1856, lost its bill for removing the National Gallery of Pictures from Charing Cross to South Kensington, the Commissioners proposed to dissolve partnership with the State; and this dissolution was effected in the early part of 1858. The sums advanced by the Government were repaid by the Commissioners, subject to a deduction for the ground and buildings of the Department of Science and Art, popularly known as the South Kensington Museum. The connection of the Commissioners with this department ceased at this point, and they became nothing more than trustees for the surplus, buying and selling land. They disposed of some outlying parts of their estate—about twelve acres—in building leases, on very advantageous terms, for the ground, with the exception of a small corner in the Gore House Estate, where the London clay crops up, is red gravel to a depth of more than twenty feet. The new roads, the letting of the upper part of the great centre square—about two-and-twenty acres—to the Horticultural Society, for an Italian exhibition garden, under an arrangement, by which the Commissioners have expended £50,000 in the erection of architectural arcades; the general improved tone given to the neighbourhood, and the march of time and population, have so improved the property, that the Commissioners have now nearly doubled their original capital. The building for the Exhibition of 1862 is now erected on the lower part of this centre square, in such a position that it has practically annexed the Horticultural Gardens, converting them into the pleasure grounds of the industrial mansion, which is to receive half the world and its products during the present year.

AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

SOME public exhibitions come heralded in by fashion, to reign for a season, and then—fashion deserting them—to pass away. Others, placed by reason of special merits beyond the influence of fashion, interest certain classes only. Few—very few—there are, of intrinsic merit great enough at once to defy fashion, and to interest everybody.

The writer can now look many years back into what poets call the “vista of time.” To memory he can recall the coming and the going away of many a candidate for popular favour. Some went out of being altogether. Others—their attractions having come to an end in one part—had to seek a new lease of existence in changed quarters: whilst others still—and of the latter very few—seem to have struck deep root, each into its own individual spot, and the interest of which, instead of waning, ever seems to acquire new force.

Of the latter, Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition is one. Its name is a sort of household word. Its contents are so numerous and so varied, that a visitor must be hard to please indeed who goes away dissatisfied. Is it the dress-fashions of by-gone times you would like to see? At Madame Tussaud's you can observe them: observe them, too, not as set off upon block-like wooden images of tailors' shops, but upon waxen representatives as large as life, and also most life-like. Would you

study the physiognomy of past celebrities—people of mark for good or for evil, people long since descended to the tomb, the lineaments of whom, save through the artist's care, would be utterly lost to us? Then there you shall see many of them. Or, if the study of present celebrities be your chief care, half an hour will save you whole months of weary travelling. Consider, for example, the time and trouble it would cost you just to run overland to Kurrachee and see if they had really caught that villain Nena Sahib—nay, even to beat up Garibaldis in his sea-nest of an island. At Madame's you see their waxen representatives as large as life, for the small charge of one shilling, and, if it so please you, in less than ten minutes. A most excellent substitute for nature is Madame's exhibition, and in some few respects superior to nature. For example, I would not like to stare the real Nena Sahib so full in the face as I have stared at his waxen representative; and who, I wonder, that valued his neck one straw, would like to find himself in a chamber with Messrs. Greenacre, Rush, Palmer, Burke and Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, and M. Marat, all alive and wicked? Then, turning the eye to the farther end of the room, for solace and relief, to have it alight upon the identical guillotine that did duty in the Reign of Terror, surmounted by a row of ghastly heads taken off by the same? Wax-works are decidedly, in such a case, an improvement upon nature. Then, again, at Madame's you can see nature idealized, so to speak—shown under a poetical aspect, yet truthful withal. Consecutive events may be represented simultaneously by the poet; and, whether he be a poet on paper or canvas, in marble or in wax, no matter. Henry VIII is represented at Madame's in the guise of a bluff hearty-looking gentleman of middle age, with his six wives grouped all about him—each of the ladies seeming happy enough, and none of them made a head shorter. Now, this is a sort of poetic rendering of the case, as one must admit; but what visitor of proper feelings would desire the grouping to be altered?

Wax-works, certain people will argue, are not natural. Well, this depends upon the cleverness of the modeller and painter. If the modeller possess adequate skill, it is of course within his competence to reproduce any possible form; and the form once reproduced, any desired tint may be imparted by painting. But tailors and milliners have a good deal to do with establishing the verisimilitude of wax-works in imitation of human beings. The portions exposed—hands and face merely—constitute very little of the whole image. Buckram and prunella, silk and broadcloth, make up the rest; hence the chances are, that wax-works prepared by the hands of a careful artist will really be faithful representations.

It argues little in favour of those persons who affect to consider wax-work unnatural, that so many visitors of those who go to Madame's for the first time are deceived by the wax representation of William Cobbett. In the spirit of an innocent practical joke, the noted man's wax effigy has been placed in a sitting position, upon a baize-covered form intended for public use. He has taken up an excellent position. He is gazing fixedly upon a group of high potentates, each potentate with his holiday suit on. Cobbett moves his head to and fro, just as any observant individual might be expected to do, who is looking upon some all-absorbing object. But Farmer Cobbett fails in politeness. People have to walk past in front of him, and he budges not an inch. Ladies gather themselves together into as small a space as modern circumstances and circumferences will permit, look imploringly into the rude man's eyes, and seem to say, “My good sir, do be obliging and move a little way

back." But the gentleman isn't polite—isn't obliging. The only movement he condescends to make is that of his head, from side to side. From his seat he doesn't budge an inch. He *cannot*, ladies. He is a wax-work, a very natural wax-work too, considering that he has deceived you. Many—very many—people are deceived by this ingenious figure; and most of the figures representing people in modern dresses would be equally deceptive if they were stationed amongst the audience, and, like William Cobbett, had the quality of motion.

The superior interest of Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition, over all preceding exhibitions, is referable, probably, to two circumstances. First, the modelling and the painting of all her figures is accomplished in the highest style of art; second, the exhibition—taken as a whole—is illustrative of one of the most tremendous political and social revolutions recorded in history. Madame Tussaud's wax-works offer many exceptions, of course, but, taken in the sense of an aggregate, it may be regarded as being an exponent of the celebrities, good and bad, of the first or great French Revolution. From Voltaire, Franklin, and Lafayette, who, each in a different way, may be considered to have inaugurated that tremendous convulsion, to Napoleon, with whose final banishment the drama closed, hundreds of individuals trod the world's broad stage, whose names are deeply graven in the tablets of revolutionary history. With few exceptions, the leading men of mark of that period are to be seen under the form of waxen images at Madame Tussaud's; and if familiarity with the originals be any guarantee of artistic correctness, then, indeed, must Madame's representations be most life-like.

The career of this lady was so very extraordinary that a sketch of it must not be omitted from any account, however slight, of her admirable exhibition.

Madame Tussaud (maiden name, Grossholtz) was born at Berne, in Switzerland, in 1760. She only remained six years in the place of her birth. A maternal uncle, M. Curtius, had for some time been established in Paris as a modeller in wax, having been originally induced to take up his residence in that city by the Prince of Conti. The Prince, it seems, whilst travelling in Switzerland, was much struck with the beauty of some wax-works that M. Curtius had prepared. Complimenting the artist on his talent, the Prince observed, that if he would take up his residence at Paris he might depend on the support of the very highest.

M. Curtius accepted the invitation, and the Prince kept his word. Not only were the chief French nobility made favourable to M. Curtius, but the royal family also, as soon became manifest.

The little Marie Grossholtz went, when only six years old, to live with her uncle. A visitor at first, she soon gave indications of fondness for modelling; and M. Curtius, encouraging the predilection, intrusted so many a charge to her delicate artist hands, that she soon became equally expert with himself. Shortly prior to the Revolution, the house of M. Curtius had become frequented by some of the most celebrated characters of the age, amongst whom Rousseau, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Mirabeau, and Lafayette may be enumerated. Nor did the current of aristocratic favour and support, promised and set going by the Prince of Conti, abate. On the contrary, the fame of M. Curtius and his niece came to the ears of royalty at last; and Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis xvi, hearing of the clever wax-works, called to see them. She came, saw, and admired: more, the royal Princess expressed the desire to learn the art of wax-modelling, and induced M. Curtius—little loth, perhaps—to allow his niece to reside altogether in the palace.

Until 1789 this residence was prolonged; when the uncle, desirous to have his niece once more under his roof, made arrangements for taking her away.

The niece, on her return, found the state of matters altered indeed. Formerly, learned men, professors of the arts and sciences, historians and sober-minded lawyers had been her uncle's chief guests. Another order of men had taken their place: frantic politicians, wild theorists, declaimers against ancient forms of government. It was as the thunder that precedes the earthquake: the great Revolution was imminent. The progress of that Revolution, its causes and its consequences, constitute far too large a theme for expatiating upon here. I have already said that Marie Grossholtz, afterwards Madame Tussaud, was very favourably placed by circumstances to regard the most noteworthy personages at each extreme of the French social community, just prior to the Revolution. On the liberal, no less than on the royal side, she numbered those who, if not exactly personal friends, were—like the Princess Elizabeth—endeared to her through long and intimate acquaintance. Horrible to relate!—one by one she had to prepare models of their heads, after the guillotine had wreaked its terrible work of vengeance; and, perhaps a trial of no less severity, she had to manipulate upon, in death and mutilation, the hideous form of Marat, all gory with the knife-stabs of Charlotte Corday, and—all reeking from the scaffold—the severed head of that cold monster of iniquity, Robespierre.

To indite the long list of forced services performed by Madame Tussaud in modelling the heads of victims guillotined during the Reign of Terror would be indeed a dreary and an uninstructive task. Enough will have been written to make known the authenticity of the likenesses of revolutionary characters, or, more properly speaking, characters of the revolutionary period, now to be seen in the exhibition of Madame Tussaud.

This point settled, let us pass on to consider the way in which wax representations are prepared. As a very simple case, let us take an orange, for example. Now, the making of wax-fruit is an ornamental art common enough. Many young ladies of those who read this, will, I am sure, know well how to do it. Some will not, however: let me write, then, for their benefit and information. We take some plaster of Paris: we mix it with water, to the condition of a thin paste; then, having laid fine string upon the surface of our orange, (the use of which strings will be perceived by and by,) we pour the plaster of Paris paste upon the orange in all directions, so that every part of its surface may be covered. Presently the plaster sets quite hard; and just when it is in the act of setting, the string-ends being pulled, the strings themselves cut quite through the setting plaster, which can be removed in many pieces. These pieces are next allowed to dry, and are then hardened by baking.

This hardened plaster will constitute a mould in many pieces, of the orange operated upon; and the pieces, when brought together, will have in the middle a cavity exactly corresponding in form and dimensions to the orange. It would not answer to pour wax into such a hollow mould without preparation. The mould must be moistened with water, or, still better, with milk: which being done, wax melted and suitably coloured being poured into the mould, one segment being temporarily removed, so as to leave the necessary charging aperture, and the mould being turned round about in all directions, the wax charge is caused to revolve around the inner surface of the mould, and cooling to leave a crust upon it. The wax having grown completely cold, and the segmental

mould being removed, of course we extract the hollow waxen orange.

This gives a general impression of the manner in which wax casts are taken. The more irregular the object to be covered with plaster, the greater must be the number of pieces in which the plaster comes away. A human face can be taken in one piece, and easily. The beard and whiskers, if any, are to be made solid by pomatum, and the face oiled. Next, the individual being laid flat on the back, plaster is to be poured on the face, a hollow spill of paper having been previously inserted in the nostril. This being done, and the plaster allowed to set, a mask-like plaster cast comes off.

All the higher flights of waxwork genius, however, like all the branches of the sculptor's art, are accomplished in a different manner. When an individual has died—the features altering from day to day—the taking of a cast in the way mentioned is the only eligible means of reproducing the outline. But were a living individual the subject, he or she would be treated in a far different way. I have been the victim of a sculptor's operations, and I will relate what he did with me, premising that, had the intention been to perpetuate my visage in wax rather than in marble, the preliminary operations would have been identical. The sculptor seated me in a rough chamber, filled with a mingling of moist pipe-clay in heaps, and certain objects which at midnight one might have been excused (if superstitious) for fancying to be ghosts. Each object was wrapped in a wet sheet, and human lineaments being visible underneath, the whole looked livid and spectral. The sculptor sate me down, and, taking a lump of wet pipeclay, looked me full in the face, and, staring at me much, he scooped away at the clay, until my visage came out satisfactory. It was a good likeness, he said; but he told me my clay must be forthwith moistened, wrapped in a wet sheet, to prevent drying and cracking; so the spectral aspect of the place was explained. He next took a plaster cast of my wet clay, and fashioned me out of marble from the lineaments of that plaster cast. But he might have fashioned me out of wax.

Time and space, how limited both! How much to write and how small the opportunity. Many curious particulars about wax-work might be narrated about the clothing of them; how the clothes are got on, and how long they last; how long the clothes keep clean, and how the products of gas combustion spoil not only the clothes but the tints wherewith wax-works are painted. Alas! this gas combustion, it is the terror of wax-work proprietors; for you must know that the products of gas combustion are water, soda-water gas, or carbonic acid, and, nearly always, another sulphurous gas, that speedily turns to oil of vitriol.

If we visit Madame Tussaud's again, we may have something to tell about some of the special curiosities of the exhibition.

THE "WARRIOR" AND "LA GLOIRE."

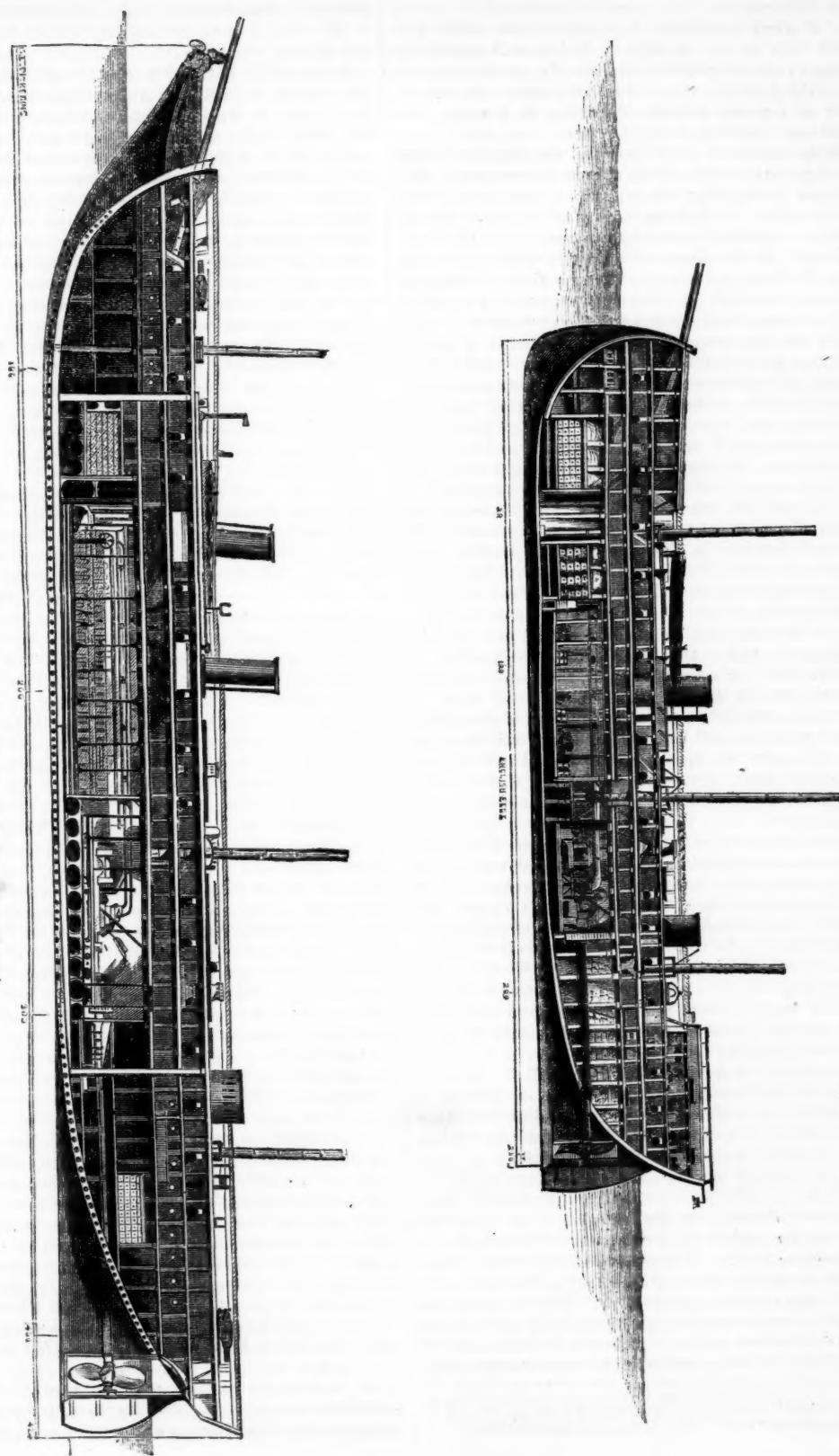
THE time is not come, we fear, when evil passions shall cease, and men study war no more. "Blessed are the peacemakers," and all honour be to those who seek to promote goodwill on the earth. But we have to do with human nature as it is, not as it may become; and until we need no policemen for the protection of our houses, we cannot dispense with ships for the protection of our shores. Lord Palmerston gave the common-sense view of the matter, when he said to Sir Charles Napier, in prospect of trouble with France, that "the best way to preserve peace was to keep up a good channel fleet."

It is but a few months ago that the naval world was startled from its propriety by the accounts teeming in English and French newspapers, of the unqualified success of the "Gloire," iron-clad frigate. It was in vain that a venerable and highly scientific general officer, now, alas! no more, raised his voice in reply, and urged to demonstration, from a careful examination of her design, that, far from being, as alleged, a success, she was in fact a comparative failure. The English press, taking its cue from the French, which had received its "mot d'ordre" to "faire mousser la chose" would have it so; and accordingly, "La Gloire," on paper, and despite our time-honoured wooden walls, took peaceful possession of the seas. The writer of this notice having been at Toulon when the "Gloire" made her experimental trial, and having had frequent opportunities since afforded him, of testing the truth concerning her, lost no time, while catering for his own information, in acquainting the late Controller of the Navy with such particulars as might be of use. It was thus that the leading journal was indirectly warned of its error, by the lamented officer above referred to, Sir Howard Douglas, in letters sent by him from time to time, and which were incidentally alluded to in the leading articles of that journal.

Although regretting the dissemination of false news, it may be stated that the evil was not without its palliation; and whilst naval officers and others acquainted with the real state of matters were unwilling to take all they heard for granted, or were precluded by their position from entering into any controversy in the columns of the newspapers, it became sufficiently obvious to the profession, that the public, highly interested in the question, were but too happy to hail the appearance of the "Warrior" and "Black Prince," the precursors of our future iron fleet. The "Gloire," moreover, having now undergone various trials under every condition of sea-weather, the anticipated reaction seems to have set in against her in public estimation—the report of her last cruise being eminently conclusive as to results of the very severe handling she has already experienced during the short-lived time she has been in commission. Nor does it appear to be any longer a mystery that her armour-plates have become so loosened by the working of the ship, and her timbers so strained, as to make her leak considerably, thus threatening to render her soon, as a man-of-war, altogether unseaworthy. It is also proved that her plates, which a writer in a technical paper informed us were an amalgam of iron, steel, and another cunning and inscrutable substance, have proved so inferior, at short range, to some manufactured in this country, as to have determined the Spanish government to discard them altogether, for others of English composition, in the new iron-sides now being built by that Power.

Assuming that the "Gloire" has now fully confirmed the opinions of the better judges of her worth, we think it may not be unacceptable to the readers of "The Leisure Hour" to lay before them a few particulars, which have not yet been published, respecting both her and the "Warrior," illustrating this notice with sections, comparing the fittings of both ships with those of a line-of-battle, which appeared some time since in the pages of this journal, by the writer of this article.

A reference to the plate will show us that both the "Gloire" and the "Warrior" are frigates, the former, in so far only as her hull is concerned, being fore and aft rigged, like a three-masted schooner, and the latter in the two respects of hull and rigging—the term frigate being applied to a square-rigged ship, carrying her guns, like the "Warrior," on a single whole deck, quarter-



deck, and forecastle.* But, whilst the "Gloire" appears as a timber-built ship, completely protected all round, the "Warrior," constructed entirely of iron, stands protected only in her midship part; her ends remaining, perhaps, more vulnerable than those of a common wooden ship—the principle observed in both being the embodiment of a theory virtually discarded in the two new models now building by each Power.

In the section of the "Warrior," the reader will find the ship divided vertically into three distinct parts. The first and main, being the midship portion, now unanimously called the fighting-box by officers and men on board, is separated forward by a transverse bulkhead, armoured like the sides, extending from the upper deck to the keelson, just a-head of the magazine behind the foremast; the after portion being separated by a similar bulkhead immediately in front of the rifle tower.

It is but fair to remember that the system of partial protection, as exemplified in the "Warrior" and "Black Prince," will hardly be said to be irrevocably condemned until the trials of the "Achilles" and other protected ships shall have been made. For, if the objections be manifest enough to the naval architect, there are not wanting those who maintain that succeeding ships protected all round, and consequently, for that reason, so much heavier at their extremities, where there is not enough displacement to support the heavy weight, will be found deficient in that one essential point, so conspicuous in the "Warrior," steam-speed. But, as in aught pertaining to war afloat, we are obliged to choose the lesser evil, so it is likely that, even here, the objections of the officer will be made to prevail over those of the seaman. And if the latter adduce the qualities of the "Warrior" as a swift steamer, the former will not rest satisfied with anything that may detract from her qualities as a man-of-war when in presence of the enemy, and full protection will be considered imperatively necessary. We know by experience, how urgent it is in practice to keep the weights well amidship. If the reader will refer to the section of the line-of-battle-ship, he will find there, as in the "Warrior," the heavy weights kept well back, to prevent a too violent plunging of the head into the sea—a peculiarity which has the further disadvantage of endangering the foremast and rigging of most ships heavy and sharp forward. In this respect the "Gloire" has unavoidably erred, for she is said to be a terrific plunger. An equally grave objection in a fighting point of view, which the section of the "Warrior" will demonstrate, is that the two unprotected ends are pointed out to an enemy by the scuttles, mizen and fore-mast, which give the direction of fire at all distances, as completely as if intended for that purpose.

Be that as it may, the fighting-box will be found to contain on her main, or fighting-deck, a battery of 26 95 cwt. guns, each discharging a solid shot 8 inches in diameter and 68lbs. in weight. The stoke-hole, engine-room, magazine, and most of her provisions are also within the inclosed portion: the egress from which lies through doors leading on to the fore and after compartments, and which doors are intended to be closed in action, leaving each several compartment to rely on its own resources in time of action, with a telegraphic communication leading on to the captain's observatory, in the rifle tower, on the quarter-deck. The fore compartment will mount 8 Armstrongs, discharging each a solid oblong shot 110lbs. weight, 7 inches in diameter and 11 inches long—the orlop part of this compartment being

apportioned to the berthing of the crew. The after compartment, mounting on its main-deck the same armament as the fore, is portioned off into cabins for the captain and officers.

In the fittings of the "Gloire's" upper-deck, we shall find that the French, ever ready to introduce aught bearing a more military character afloat, have introduced a rifle tower, copied on a rather larger scale in the "Warrior," and reminding us of the crenated turrets of the "Great Harry," with their loop-holes bearing on an enemy who may have obtained a footing by boarding. Within this tower, occupying a conspicuous place on the quarter-deck of the "Warrior"—the post of honour of both captain and master in action—telegraphs are provided communicating to every part of the ship. The upper-deck is likewise armed with six Armstrongs: one 100-pounder, fighting on a shifting centre, for a forward chaser; a like pivot gun astern, and two 40-pounders for each broadside. The number of rounds for the "Warrior's" peace establishment stands determined as follows: 89 rounds for the broadside guns, and 190 for the two pivot guns—an allowance slightly in excess of that hitherto provided for the wooden navy.

The "Warrior's" armament is thus found to consist of twenty-six 68-pounders, smooth bore guns, terrific for their power of smash, "within 400 yards, on account of their superior initial velocity" over the Armstrongs, and which have as yet only entered as a unit on board ships above the sloop class of the Royal Navy; of fourteen Armstrongs of the largest size; making a total of forty guns, discharging a broadside weight of 2204lbs. lighter, nevertheless, by one-half than the broadside of either the "Marlborough" or "Duke of Wellington." Considering the question of cause and effect, it will be seen that whilst the "Warrior" throws a lesser broadside in the aggregate, the larger calibre and momentum of the 68-pounders represented as 8 to 6, compared to the 32-pounders, are expected to be irresistible at close quarters, against a ship armed with smaller ordnance. Heavy pieces fire slow: their execution in a given time is a little greater; the question to decide which is best is a knotty one, and of gunnery entirely; for, whilst we appear to be adopting heavy metal in our recently fitted ships, it must not be forgotten that there is a limit to the physical endurance of the men, which in the case of the 68-pounder has been fixed for rapid firing at three-quarters of an hour, for the best trained and strongly constituted crew. Another objection urged against the heavy armament is, that besides the excessive weight of shot, which would militate against quick firing, no gun's crew could efficiently handle such heavy missiles as shots of 68 and 100lbs. in even moderate weather, whilst they certainly would be equally uncontrollable in really bad or tempestuous weather.

The power of offence and defence being the main attributes of the ship of war, it is obvious that if the "Warrior" is slightly superior in the first, she is immeasurably so at long range, to any ship hitherto built, including the "Gloire" herself. For even in the "Warrior" we find the theory of defence pursued so far, that her ports have been curtailed three superficial feet over the ordinary size, a determination which is not without its drawback, inasmuch as the sweep of fire for the training of the guns is lessened at close quarters, by no less an angle than 10° on each side of the directrix.

It would appear, that apart from the contingencies of an action, the only chance of an opponent against the "Warrior" would consist in closing with her as soon as possible, to smash her sides with a concentrated broadside; a difficulty rendered almost insurmountable by the extraordinary steam-speed of the "Warrior," now ascertained

* For a full explanation of the technical terms here unavoidably introduced, the reader is referred to the article alluded to above, in No. 119 of "The Leisure Hour."

to be superior to any ship afloat, and which it is believed will always enable her to fight an opponent on her own terms.

It may be, perhaps, regretted that in their over anxiety for a moderate draft of water, the designers of the "Warrior" should have built her without a keel; for it is obvious that her rolling quick and deep, though easy it be, is in excess of that of ships of the old school. The 1300 tons in dead weight of her armour, representing more than three and a half times the weight of the entire armament of the "Marlborough," greatly conduce to disturb the stability of platform required for modern gunnery; indeed, many maintain that with ships rolling from sixteen to twenty degrees each way, the delicate Armstrongs will be at once placed *hors de combat*. Certain it is, that at long range, where the deviations increase with the distance, and under the usual circumstances of weather at sea, it seems impossible that men, however trained they may be theoretically at sea and in harbour, can be made sufficiently to make allowance for the deviations likely to occur in practice, with ordnance so complicated, and in which mistakes of a second or two may occasion an error of several degrees, owing to the time elapsing between the leaving of the shot from the cylinder, and the time of its reaching the point aimed at. It may be with the idea of meeting these objections that the Admiralty have determined to send no detachment of marines, their place being supplied on board the "Warrior" by a body of 114 gunners of the Marine Artillery, at all times the most skilful of bombardiers.

With respect to the "Gloire," which the section shows us with a greater draft of water by eighteen inches than the "Warrior," it is certain that the late experiments have demonstrated the very defective mode of masting adopted in her case—a light fore and aft rig, possibly the very worst for a ship of war. Lying like a log on the water, with her motions neither checked by a sufficient area of canvas, nor a masting sufficiently balanced by adequate yards and spars, she may be instanced as the worst gunnery ship in the whole French navy. Her rolling, under the most favourable circumstances, is ascertained to be quick and deep. The writer knows, and he has seen it nowhere mentioned in England, that at the suggestion of M. Armand, the celebrated shipbuilder of Bordeaux, a portion of the armour just below the water was taken off to heighten the battery, which was found in practice to belie the calculations of her designer. And yet, while this blunder was being retrieved, the English papers, more than willing to take all that was imposed on them as truths for granted, were writing flaming accounts of her designs. A reference to the section, shows that the "Gloire," unlike the "Warrior," has no screw-well, so that, in the event of a hawser fouling her screw, no direct means exist to remedy it by the help of a diver.

It is averred, however, that if there is a matter of unapproachable excellence in the "Warrior," it is, above all, in her engine department. Of 1200 horse-power less, nominally, than those assigned to the "Great Eastern," the engines of the "Warrior" are far more powerful, exerting a positive pressure which might have been considered fabulous a few years back—in her case very nearly six times the nominal power. So that, while the engines of the boasted big ship can scarcely go beyond their nominal power, and are withal too feeble for the ship, those of the "Warrior" have been worked to 6000 horsepower.

While bearing this humble meed of praise to the excellence of the engines of the Royal Navy, manufactured by Messrs. Penn and Son, the writer may be stated to

have been the first who, in England, drew attention to the very defective engines manufactured by the French dockyards—none of these, to this day, exerting a good multiple of the nominal power.*

Some objections have been urged in the leading journal, to the names assigned to the iron ships now being built; but it must be remembered that these are neither given indiscriminately, nor allowed to perish from the Navy List—unless, indeed, some special event should call for a commemorative name. Such was eminently the case with the "Duke of Wellington," formerly "Windsor Castle," re-named at the death and in honour of the lamented hero. And such was also the case with the present "Victor Emanuel," formerly "Repulse," re-named in compliment to that sovereign, by the late Prince Consort, when both visited the ship in Portsmouth Steam Basin—a new "Windsor Castle" and "Repulse" being laid down immediately after. The present "Warrior" replaces a seventy-four, which in her decrepitude long served as a convict hulk at Woolwich; whilst the "Captain," "Minotaur," and "Northumberland," will replace ships which have graced the naval history of this country for more than two centuries. The old "Captain" was long mounted by the immortal Nelson, and the late "Northumberland" bore an interest, from having been the ship selected to convey Napoleon to St. Helena.

The same custom prevails in the French naval service. Indeed, the very "Gloire" and her sister ship the "Invincible," have figured repeatedly in action—the last of the name having both managed to find their way to a British port, after an action in the Mediterranean, when the French captain, handing his sword to the British admiral, wittily observed, "Amiral, vous avez vaincu l'Invincible et la Gloire vous suit."

In conclusion, we may be quite certain that the improvements of the "Warrior," and her subsequent sister ships, will keep pace with the requirements of science; that she is even now a ship that every Briton may be proud of, one that may be shown alike to friend and foe; and when it is remembered, moreover, that she is commanded by a worthy son of the gallant Cochrane, who manned her in an incredibly short time with as fine a crew as ever trod a deck, we may repeat and trust in the motto of her placard when she was being fitted out: "The 'Warrior' is a noble ship, and in the event of a war will be able to play her own part."

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER XII.

PLACED in a valley semicircled by lofty mountains, of which the Great Shasta Peak, with its head crowned by eternal snows, towers above the rest, the Shasta Diggings in summer time are almost unbearable, from the ardent rays of the sun, which strike down upon them unmitigated by the least perceptible breeze. This anomaly of perpetual snow, apparently in proximity, while in company with the cracking ground and the withered vegetation one is undergoing a process of slow baking, is curious, and to a certain extent aggravating. How often, almost overcome with heat and lassitude, while toiling on the plain, have I longed for a refreshing roll in the white glittering snow above my head. The penniless little boy, gazing wistfully into an ice emporium,

* This very important subject is fully entered into by the writer of this article, Mr. C. L. Pickering, Assoc. Inst. N. A., in a lecture delivered by him at the United Service Institution, "On the Screw Fleets of England and France," in the third volume of the Journal of that Institution. (Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross.)

is the only parallel London affords of such a tantalizing situation. In spring time, when the winter rains ceased, and there was plenty of water in the streams, we found the Shasta Plain diggings very remunerative. There was quite an assemblage of wooden houses clustered together on the plain; of course this was the "City" of Shasta, where gambling and horse-racing were carried on to a great extent. Good horses and mules were to be obtained here at very reasonable prices, and I changed my American horse for one of the finest mustangs I ever saw, giving, of course, something "to boot." Sometimes I gave myself a holiday, to have a gallop on my horse, to which I got much attached; and on his back, with lasso and pistols at my saddle-bow, and good rifle in hand, I frequently penetrated, quite alone, into the surrounding mountains and prairies, in pursuit of game, with the greatest confidence in my own resources to repel or evade an Indian attack.

On these occasions, the towering peak of Shasta was always the beacon by which I steered my course home; for it could be seen at an immense distance away. My comrades often remonstrated with me on the subject of these somewhat foolhardy expeditions; for scarcely a day passed but reports were brought into the city of fresh atrocities committed by Indian marauders on white men. It would have been as well for me if I paid more attention to the expostulations of my friends than I chose to do; for on one occasion, after we had been about a month at Shasta, I came remarkably near "losing my hair"—in other words, being scalped by Indians—for my temerity. I had been out hunting all day, and had succeeded in shooting a fine elk, which I threw over my saddle, and commenced leading my horse home. It was now late in the afternoon, and, getting entangled in an extremely woody and mountainous district, I lost sight entirely of the white nightcap of my old friend the Shasta Peak. Wandering on I knew not whither, the shades of evening began to fall, and there was nothing for it but to camp. I was infinitely annoyed at this circumstance, knowing the uneasiness I should cause the good fellows my comrades by remaining out all night, but comforted myself with the reflection that the venison I should take them on the morrow would be a peace-offering. I had no qualms of terror for my own safety in thus being compelled to camp out; neither did it incommoded me, as I had a bag of provisions for supper, and my serapa and horsecloth for a bed. I selected the bank of a small stream for my couch, and after Leon, my horse, had fed about for some time, I tied him to a tree, and lay down to sleep myself. I did not light a fire, as such a proceeding might have been dangerous, by attracting company that I particularly wished to avoid. When morning broke I was *en route* again; but the good night's rest I had enjoyed had entirely driven from my head any feeble idea I might have entertained of the point towards which I ought to steer to reach home. Still leading Leon, with the elk across his back, which, in spite of my somewhat serious embarrassment, I could not find in my heart to leave behind, after several hours tedious travel I at last caught sight of my mountain beacon, and saw I was farther off home than I had supposed. Having now debouched from the woods, my way lay across several small mountain ranges destitute of verdure; nothing was to be seen under-foot save the bare rock, in some places thinly covered with a dry scaly soil. In ascending one of these mountains, which was considerably higher than its fellows, I saw with a little surprise that I was following a narrow track, evidently made by man and horse, that led up its side. Presently we reached a species of shelf or plateau, along which we

proceeded, till, suddenly turning a sharp angle of the mountain, the plateau widened to the extent of at least a hundred yards. Looking forward towards what seemed the end of this natural platform, I saw a number of mules feeding, and was proceeding towards them, when, looking to the extreme right, some objects, that had been absorbed at my first cursory examination by the blank wall of the mountain side, became most unpleasantly visible. These objects were nothing less than a crowd of Indians, men, women, and children, seated together in front of a number of small huts; and the truth penetrated my mind in an instant. I had unwittingly stumbled into one of those mysterious Indian ranches I had heard of as being so wondrously and jealously concealed by the red-skins, to whom they were both a home and a safe refuge in the hour of need.

What an uproar arose as men, women, children and dogs howled in chorus when, at the same moment in which I detected them, they became aware of my presence! Above all the clamours, I heard a general rush towards me; but I was far too busily engaged in bundling my venison to the ground, and taking its place in the saddle, otherwise to notice it. Once seated, I looked back to the pass by which I had entered; a number of mounted red-skins were defiling through it on to the plateau. Nothing, then, was left me but to advance towards the herd of mules, in the hope of finding a path at the other end of the plateau. To try this, my sole chance, I spurred on my fleet mustang, and we ran the gauntlet of the Indian crowd, who tried to cut me off by seizing my rein, but failed in several instances by only an arm's length. Had my foes, in the first instance, betaken themselves to their weapons, I had been lost indeed; but in their surprise these were left behind, I suppose in the huts, and they threw themselves upon me with empty hands. The savage outcry startled the mules as I approached, and to my delight away they went down a narrow and precipitous path in the sloping face of the rock, cut no doubt by the Indians to secure a retreat in case of surprise. Without hesitation I followed; it would have been a desperate attempt with an English horse under me: indubitably he would have killed himself and his rider; but my lithe steed of the prairies sprung down, from one little ledge of rock to the other, with the ease and confidence of a cat. I aided him solely by sitting back in my saddle, and keeping a firm steady seat. The rein I never touched, for it would have been as much as my life was worth to do so. In such moments of peril the instincts of these semi-wild horses are much more safely to be confided in than the cultivated intelligence of the best rider in the world. The clatter of hoofs behind me, as I reached the plain in safety, caused me to turn in my saddle, and I saw that five or six horsemen were precipitating themselves down the pass in pursuit. But now I breathed again, for I felt that I was in comparative safety. The rapid pace at which I flew along braced my nerves, and though I could with ease have distanced my pursuers, I made up my mind to do something in addition, that should cause them to remember the advent of the white man. This was neither more nor less than to capture the mules, who still sped along some thirty or forty paces ahead of me. They appeared to be fine animals of the Andalusian-Mexican breed, and, being perfectly unincumbered, kept their position in front with apparent ease. To my surprise, in spite of the stampede they had been subjected to, they did not form a tumultuous ruck, but stepped along in almost regular Indian file. The sound of a bell amongst them gave me the clue to this mystery; it was evident that they were some well-trained pack-train,

stolen from white men, whose change of owners had not as yet caused them to forget their old habits. Be that as it might, as they clearly did not belong of right to the Indians, I made up my mind to transfer them into my own possession, if any possible exertion of mine could effect it. This idea suggested itself to me in the first instance, from the fact of the "mullada" running, as far as I could judge, in a direction that would bring them to Shasta Valley. If, then, it was possible to keep them to this point, and at this pace, for about ten miles, which I calculated was about the distance to Shasta, all would be well; for, of course, the Indians dared not follow me on to the plains, and the prize would then be mine.

With the peculiar Spanish cries adopted by all muleteers on the prairies, and the whirl of my lasso in the air, I kept up the headlong gallop of my train, and though now and then it was requisite I should diverge a little from my course, and so lose ground somewhat, to counterbalance this disadvantage, my average pace was better than my pursuers, and the hundred yards I had first gained from them I still retained. The somewhat risky game I was playing, I should explain, was justified in some measure by my knowledge that the foemen in my rear did not possess rifles; a glance at the commencement of this strange chase had assured me of this. Bows and arrows and spears were the only weapons they had about them, and for these, as long as I could keep from close quarters, I cared not a doit. In the place of bullets, the pursuing red-skins levelled wild cries and execrations after me, to which I replied by taunting and exulting gestures. And so over mountain range, along deep cañons, prairie land and timbered ground, we swept along. Five miles of ground at least were covered—twenty minutes more must bring us on into the valley, and it was quite possible that I might fall in with a mining or travelling party earlier, that would assist me in driving back the Indians.

As yet my staunch Leon showed not the slightest distress. He seemed to enter into the spirit of the chase, his wild head and mane were tossed into the air at intervals, and he answered my appeal by a longer stride on the prairie, or gathered himself together for a dashing leap in broken ground. As for the mules, they were as fresh as the day, for I noticed that in their headlong career they still found time for those little half-playful, half-spiteful gambols in which they love to indulge, such as plunging violently, or snapping at each others' manes and tails. The chances were now rapidly turning in my favour, and my heart beat with a wild exultation I could hardly repress. But for all that, I let not a point in my favour slip by without taking advantage of it. Not for an instant I released my attention to the mules; from time to time I assured myself that the Indians were still well in the rear, and though I held my rifle in one hand and the lasso in the other, this did not prevent me from guiding Leon to the best advantage with knee and heel, for to this he had always been accustomed.

A SCRAP BOOK OF THE OLDEN TIME.

HAVING duly inscribed a light green-tinted ticket in the British Museum with the requisite indication, "Additional Manuscript, 15,225," the document was speedily brought to hand. Complaints have indeed been made of delay in obtaining books in the great national repository; but the complainers must be prone to grumble by nature, or have acquired the habit, for the experience of twenty years justifies the remark, that there is no delay beyond what is inevitable where a large number of

readers have to be supplied with a larger number of volumes. The manuscript furnished proved to be a thin quarto, of small size, apparently not long ago bound. There is a record at the commencement, that it was bought at Mr. Bright's sale, in the year 1844,* and from a pencil mark it may be gathered that the sum of two guineas was given for it. It is a collection of miscellaneous poetry, consisting of thirty-six pieces, which extend over one hundred and twenty-four pages of difficult handwriting, except to an expert. There is the lettering of "Temp. Eliz." on the back. But this is a mistake, as allusion is made to an event far on in the reign of her successor. The *king* is also referred to; and in one instance his name is mentioned—

"I say no more, God speed the plough!
God save King James from traitors' bane."

The volume is evidently the scrap-book of some Romanist gentleman of the period, deeply sympathizing with those of his own communion who suffered imprisonment and death for Jesuitical proceedings in the time of Elizabeth and James. The miscellaneous nature of its contents will at once appear on giving the titles, or first lines, of some of the pieces found in it:—

- Page 14. No wight in this world that wealth can attain.
- 25. A song of the Duke of Buckingham.
- 33. A pleasant ballad of the just man Job, shewing his patience.
- 34. To pass the place where pleasure is.
- 35. I might have lived merrily.
- 68. Winter cold into summer hot.
- 75. The thoughts of man do daily change.
- 120. All you that with good ale do hold.

No author's name is mentioned, except in one instance, page 31, where that of Thomas Hill is appended to "A Doleful Dance and Song of Death." But some of the articles are transcribed from printed books, as "A Carol for Christmas Day," which occurs in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," first published in 1576. A song beginning "My mind to me a kingdom is," was also well known about the same date.

In various places the Puritans are hardly hit as "rude and railing heretics," and at page 59 there is a song specially devoted to them, beginning

"In days of yore when words did pass for bands,
Before deceit was bred or fraud was seen—
Then unborn was the Puritan."

This is followed, page 61, by "A Song of Four Priests that suffered Death at Lancaster, to the tune of 'Daintie come thou to me,'" closing with the stanzas,

"All lands and glory great be to the Trinity,
In his eternal seat, one God and persons three;
And to the Virgin mild, the queen of heaven high,
With Jesus, her loving child, in all eternity.
Unto all prophets meek, to Christ's apostles dear,
Martyrs, confessors eke, and to all virgins dear;
And unto each of them, crowned in their degree,
With joy in Jerusalem, God's blessed face to see."

The event referred to occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, when, on two occasions, four priests were executed together.

The interest of the book centres in a poem with a most unattractive and unmeaning title,

"A song made by F. B. P.—to the tune of Diana."

No one would imagine for a moment this the prelude to a strain so sweet and holy as the following, which commences with a note very familiar to most Protestant ears, and which has gladdened many a Christian heart:—

"Jerusalem! my happy home!
When shall I come to thee,
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?"

* "Ancient Devotional Poetry," published by the Religious Tract Society, is printed from a MS. bought at Mr. Bright's sale.

" O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

" In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore,
There is no death, no ugly de'il,
There's life for evermore.

" No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night,
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God himself gives light.

" There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway,
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

" Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

" Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case."

Liberty has been taken to modernize the orthography; but the next stanza may be given in its proper original dress—

" Wee that are heere in banisnent,
Continallie doe moane,
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and weale,
Perpetually we groane."

There are eighteen more verses, or in all twenty-six, one of which may be cited as both peculiar and felicitous in its expression—

" Quite through the streets, with silvour sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow."

Wickliff renders Rev. xxii. 1, " And he shewed to me a flood of quick water shining as crystal, coming out of the seat of God and of the Lamb."

Who was F. B. P., the author of this fine canticle? Something may be gathered from its closing verses:—

" There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

" There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the quire,
Ten thousand times that man were blest,
That might this music hear.

" Our Lady sings *Magnificat*,
With tune surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their parts
Sitting above her feet.

" *Te Deum* doth St. Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their song to seek.

" There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With blessed saints whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

" Jerusalem! my happy home!
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see."

The song of the Virgin, here referred to, is of course the inspired strain commencing, " My soul doth magnify the Lord," usually known by the first word of the Latin version, " *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*," just as Simeon's song, " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," is generally styled the " *Nunc Dimittis*." The names of Ambrose and Augustine occur in connection with the *Te Deum*, in allusion to the ancient title of the grand hymn, *Canticum Ambrosii et Augustini*. But there is no authority for attributing

it to either, nor can any certain light be thrown upon its authorship.

The initials F. B. P. are not those of any known poet of the period. They belong, however, to a contemporary personage, who, by a curious chain of evidence, may be connected with a man specially celebrated in the manuscript, for to him two pieces in it are devoted. At page 45 we have, " Here followeth the song Mr. Thewlis writ himself," and at page 50, " Here followeth the song of the death of Mr. Thewlis." The latter begins with the verse—

" O God above, relent,
And listen to our cry;
O Christ, our woes avert,
Let not thy children die."

It closes with the stanza,

" O happy martyred saints,
To you I call and cry,
To heal us in our wants,
O beg for us mercie."

It is evident, from this invocation of the saints, that Thewlis was a Roman Catholic; and though there is a slight difference in the orthography of the name, he may undoubtedly be identified with a person of that communion who suffered death for treason in the reign of James. Dodd, the Romish historian, has the record— " John Thulis, a priest and a missioner in Lancashire, who, being condemned to die for receiving orders, was executed at Lancaster, an. 1616." He was hanged on the 18th of March, and a layman, Roger Wren, suffered with him.

We now go back twenty-four years from the date given, or to 1592, and turn from Lancashire to the Isle of Cumbay, in the Firth of Clyde, which forms part of the county of Bute. At this spot, at the time mentioned, Mr. George Ker, brother to Lord Newbottle, was arrested, when about to sail for Spain, and on his person a number of letters were found, some in French, others in Latin, relative to a projected foreign invasion. The documents are given in Calderwood's " History of the Church of Scotland." One letter, written by Joan Cecilio, a Jesuit, contained the passage, " My Lord Setoun has an haven of his own, which may be hereafter very commodious for our missions. Command me, I pray you, to F. Barth-Pere. Mr. Dudley Ilper, Knight, and John Thulis, which, upon some sudden pushes of persecutions, make their repair thither, are in health and salute you. Setoun, this 2nd of October, 1592." The initials of F. Barth-Pere, here mentioned in connection with Thulis, correspond to the F. B. P. of the manuscript. Yet, this may be a coincidence merely; and if so, the authorship of the poem is wholly unknown.

Possibly the hymn so largely quoted may turn up in some rare printed volume of the Elizabethan period, from which it was transferred to the scrap-book by a copyist. In some form or other it must have come under the eye of David Dickson, minister of Irvine, in Ayrshire, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, for he sung of the New Jerusalem in a precisely identical manner.* The chief alteration is the change of figure in the first line,

" O Mother dear, Jerusalem,"
being substituted for

" Jerusalem, my happy home."

But Dickson more than doubled the number of verses. His production, consisting of sixty-two four-line stanzas, was not incorporated in any volume, but floated about Scotland as a half-penny broad-sheet, only a few tattered

* In "The Sunday at Home," No. 390, a full history of this hymn will be found.

copies of which were in existence, when it was reprinted in Stephen's "Episcopal Magazine" for January, 1835. To the same source we owe a hymn of seven stanzas, found in most modern hymnologies, and usually given as anonymous, commencing with the same line as the song of F. B. P.

To change the theme, and diversify our paper, notice may be taken of "A Song of the Duke of Buckingham," page 25, as a very pleasing specimen of our old ballad poetry. This noble, Henry Stafford, figures in the history of the reign of Richard III, and in Shakespeare's Tragedy of the same. He raised an army to oppose the usurper, but being intercepted by a vast inundation of the Severn, consequent upon heavy rains, and long remembered as "Buckingham's Flood," his disheartened troops disbanded:—

"The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither."

But the Duke directed his course to the house of a dependent, named Banister, upon whom he had conferred many favours, and confided himself to his protection. So say all the chroniclers, and thus sings the ballad:—

"Then in extreme need he took his steed,
And posted night and day,
And to his own man Banister,
These words to him did say,
"O Banister, sweet Banister,
Pity my cause," quoth he,
"And hide me from my cruel foes,
Which thus pursued me."
"O you are welcome, my master dear,
You are heartily welcome here,
And, like a friend, I will you keep,
Although it cost me dear."
"His velvet suit then he put off,
His chain of gold likewise,
An old leathern coat he put upon,
To blind the people's eyes;
"Saying 'Banister, O Banister,
O Banister, be true.'
"Christ's curse then light on me and mine
If I ever be false to you."
"An old felt hat he put on his head,
Old leathern slopes also,
A hedging bill upon his neck,
And so to the wood did go.
"This worthy duke went to the woods,
As did not him beseech,
And so in sorrow spent his days,
As he some drudge had been."

The dependent was not proof against the large rewards offered for the apprehension of his master. He betrayed him into the hands of the Sheriff of Shropshire, and Buckingham, being sent a prisoner after the king to Salisbury, was there beheaded in the market-place, without any form of arraignment or judgment. According to Hall's Chronicle, signal calamities overtook the treacherous servant and his family. To the same effect says the ballad:—

"Then Banister went to the court,
Hoping those gifts to have,
And straight in prison he was cast,
And hard his life to save.
"No friend he found in his distress,
Nor yet no friend at need,
But every man reviled him
For his most hateful deed.
"His eldest son stark mad did run,
His daughter drowned was,
Within a shallow running stream,
Which did all danger pass.

"According to his own desire,
God's curse did on him fall,
That all his wealth consumed quite,
And so was wasted all.

"Young Banister liv'd long in shame,
But at the length did die;
And so our Lord he show'd his wrath
For his father's villainy.

"God Lord preserve our noble king,
And send him long proceed,
And God send every distress'd man
A better friend at need."

ARUNDEL CASTLE.

On the coast of Sussex, about four miles from the sea, is situated this relic of feudal times. Its origin is uncertain; but conjecture leads one to suppose it to have been the site of an ancient British fortress. The donjon or keep, which still remains, is attributed to Alfred the Great, and there is strong reason for believing it to have been built in his time. The situation of the castle is precisely that in which a stronghold would have been erected by that sagacious prince, in order to check the inroads of the hosts of the sea kings, whose invasions spread terror along the coast, and whose mode of warfare was to run up a river in small vessels and lay waste the country on either bank. The river Arun, which flows almost immediately below the castle walls, and falls into the sea at Littlehampton, was just the stream the northmen would have selected as a point of invasion; and no doubt the peaceful plain which lies contiguous to its slimy banks has often swarmed with these terrible visitors. It was but a very trifling obstacle which the turf-bound or loose stone fortress would oppose to these marauders; and the genius of Alfred caused to be raised in their stead strongholds of solid masonry. The remains of the castle show how strong a place it must have been in days when bows and arrows, stones and catapults, were the most formidable weapons employed in a siege. No doubt, under such circumstances Arundel Castle would have held out bravely against an invading force. The little park, as it is now called, was entrenched, and would have afforded pasture for a good supply of beesves; and there is a well in the keep, which would have set drought at defiance, to say nothing of the better drinks with which the ample cellarage was doubtless fully supplied.

The position of the castle and town of Arundel still gives a very perfect impression of what they were in mediæval times. The keep, though a ruin, still proudly raises its head as the protector of the venerable church, which stands close to its walls, as well as of the habitations of the humble burghers whose dwellings nestle at its feet. The first great historical event connected with the castle is the siege of it by King Stephen, A.D. 1139, when it was the dwelling-place of Queen Adeliza, widow of Henry I, who resided here with her second husband, the Count De Albini, and received as a guest the Empress Maud her step-daughter, who had landed on the coast of Sussex, to endeavour to obtain the crown of England, which Stephen had usurped on the death of her father Henry I. However clear may have been the justice of the claims of the Empress, or whatever may have been the strength of the castle walls, the Queen Dowager was unwilling to risk the events of a siege and its consequences, but adopted the more politic course of an appeal to Stephen's chivalry. She represented to him how un-gallant an act it would be to besiege two ladies, reminded him of the strong claims which her step-daughter had on her hospitality, and so effectually worked on his feelings that he consented to raise the siege, and allow time

for the Empress and her followers to withdraw. Whatever may be our opinion as to the wisdom of this act, as far as Stephen was concerned, we must admit that he behaved very like a gentleman in the affair.

A low, and by no means cheerful apartment, called the Empress's Room, and the remains of a venerable four-poster, in which she is said to have slept, are still pointed out to visitors to the keep. With respect to the apartment, there can be no doubt that it was part of the original building, as it is situated over the ancient gateway, under which the original iron-studded gates are seen, which have so long withstood the attacks of time, so much more certainly fatal than the strongest invader.

In virtue of their descent from Queen Adeliza and De Albini, progenitors of the Earls of Arundel, the present illustrious possessors retain this ancient castle and domain, which became attached to the dukedom of Norfolk by the marriage of Thomas Duke of Norfolk with Mary Fitz-Alen, daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Arundel of that name, A.D. 1556. The said Duke of Norfolk was beheaded in 1572 by order of Queen Elizabeth, and his son died in the Tower, after an imprisonment of seventeen years, in consequence of having displeased that imperious ruler.

In 1645 the castle underwent a somewhat protracted siege by the Parliamentary army: but the days for such strongholds to resist successfully were gone; gunpowder made short work of the strongest masonry, and in the keep may still be seen the traces of the bombardment, as well as some of the shot employed in the work of destruction. From that time the castle remained more or less in a ruined state till the close of the last century, when the then possessor, Charles Duke of Norfolk, surnamed "Jockey of Norfolk," whose eccentricities have earned him a niche in the temple of notoriety, resolved on restoring it. It had been used as a residence for some time previous; but pictures which remain of it show how entirely the inhabited part had lost all its castellated character. The design, or rather the intention, of restoring the castle was happy enough, but the carrying out displays a sad lack both of taste and knowledge. The principal work of Duke Charles was the erection of a well-proportioned banqueting hall, in which he celebrated, A.D. 1815, the six hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta. He did not long survive, and was succeeded by his kinsman, Bernard Howard, during whose lifetime the restoration of the castle remained at a standstill.

On his death, in 1842, his son and successor applied himself with vigour to his ancestral home—a residence worthy of the illustrious house of Howard. Though there was much in the way of architectural blundering which could not be remedied, yet the castle, in its arrangements and furnishing, displays the high degree of taste which its noble owner possessed, and the care he must have bestowed on the work. Amid many beautiful works of art which the castle contains, one of the most interesting is the original portrait, by Holbein, of the widowed Duchess of Milan, of whom Henry VIII became enamoured through seeing this picture, and who sent him, in reply to his offer of marriage, a message to the effect that, if she had two heads, she might be inclined to entertain the proposal, but, being possessed of one only, she was unwilling to place it in jeopardy. There is also an original portrait of Richard III, by whom the dukedom of Norfolk was conferred on his partisan Lord Howard. The king is represented drawing a ring off his finger, which we learn from a contemporary source was his habit when engaged in thought. There is also

a very fine portrait of Charles I, by Vandycy, together with several portraits by eminent artists of various members of the family, and of other historical celebrities. The collection, though small, is well worthy the attention of the connoisseur. The interior of the castle is not shown to visitors, the only parts to which they are admitted being the keep and the dairy. In the keep, till lately, were preserved some very fine owls, who seemed fitting residents for so gloomy a retreat. There was an impression that they had been its occupants from time immemorial; such, however, is not the case: their occupancy only dates from the close of the last century. It has also been stated that they attained fabulously long lives; this, too, is incorrect, for the eldest of the party died not long since, at what would be considered amongst ourselves the very prime of life, he being but a few years over forty; though, it must be allowed, it was long past the prime with him, as he was quite blind, very feeble, and, like many of his superiors when advanced in life, very ill-tempered. The private grounds of the castle are laid out with much taste, and abound with beautiful evergreen shrubs, which give them, especially in winter, a peculiar charm. The noble park is beautifully situated, and though not possessed of trees equal to those on many of the fine demesnes which are our national pride, yet, from the undulating nature of the ground, and the fine view, both seaward and inland, which it commands, there are few spots in England more beautiful.

In one of the valleys, the attention of the visitor is called to a long mound, said to cover the remains of the far-famed giant, Sir Bevis of Hampton, who inhabited the castle in days of yore, and was there slain. His sword, a ponderous weapon, hangs in the gallery of the castle, though sceptical persons have thrown doubts on its authenticity, and gone so far as to say that the supposed grave is nothing more than an old sawpit.

At the present time the castle is in the hands of workmen employed in the completion of the quadrangle, by the erection of a chapel and gateway. This work was commenced about three years since, by the late lamented Duke, who died here in November 1861, to the universal regret of all who were in any way connected with him, leaving his honours and titles to his son, a youth in his fourteenth year. We can only hope that the new works may be carried out in a way to render them a fitting memorial of one who, though possessing far more lasting tributes to his worth than any material monument could render, is fully deserving that his name should be perpetuated in the annals of his family. The Duke of Norfolk is Premier Duke of this realm, Hereditary Marshal and Earl Marshal of England, with many other high distinctions too numerous to be mentioned.

With varied fortunes has the house of Howard held for centuries its titles and honours, and it is one of the few noble families actually descended from our mediaeval aristocracy—the titles of the vast majority of the nobility being now borne by those who have no claim in blood to the illustrious houses whose names and badges they bear. Arundel Castle is to be reached easily now by rail; and visitors are admitted to view the keep on Mondays and Fridays, by tickets, which are to be obtained in the town. The park, in which are deer, both red and fallow, is open at all times to the public, and is a favourite resort for pic-nic parties. There are several objects of interest in the town, especially the fine old church and the Fitz-Alan Chapel, to which the public can obtain access by applying to the resident agent of the estate.